

## WATERBURY'S QUEER DEALS WITH HIS WIFE.

Never Talked Business to Her, but Always Conducted It at a Profit.

According to His Own Figures He Got the Best of Every Transaction.

Match Boxes, Cigarette Cases and Other Trinkets Sold for Three Times Their Value.

NOT SURE WHAT SPECULATION IS.

Under the Probe the Ex-President of Cordage Admits That He Took Flyers in Wall Street—More to Come.

James M. Waterbury, who has been familiarly called "Exquisite Jimmy," because of his fine raiment and his generally sumptuous manner of living, was again on the rack of examination in supplementary proceedings yesterday, in Part V. of the Supreme Court. Lawyer Jacob Marks did the questioning, in the effort to find out whether the ex-president of the ex-Cordage Trust is able to pay the judgment of \$181,000 obtained against him by Baring, Magoun & Co.

Mr. Waterbury was faultlessly dressed, as he is always. He wore a black cutaway coat of the latest pattern, and gray trousers. His hair was smoothly brushed and so skillfully as partly to conceal the encroaching baldness. His long, tawny mustache was as carefully trained as if he was about to lead a cotillon. By his side sat Mr. Mullaly, his attorney, whose face wore an expression scarcely less indicative of pain than that of his client. Mr. Marks began at the point where he left off when Mr. Waterbury was on the stand before.

"Have you produced a list of your stock holdings in the S. O. S. Bag Company?" he asked.

"No," was the curt reply.

"Why not?"

"Because," said Mr. Waterbury, "I find that I never held or owned any of that stock."

"What interest had the firm of L. Waterbury & Co. in the S. O. S. Bag Company?" Mr. Waterbury replied that his firm had owned several thousand shares of the stock, the par value of which was \$25 a share.

"What became of that stock?" asked the lawyer.

"It was transferred to Waterbury & Marshall."

JEWELRY HE SOLD HIS WIFE. At this point Mr. Marks went into affairs that were more personal and consequently more painful to the witness, whose face became quite flushed.

"Have you prepared a list of the jewelry that you sold to your wife?" he asked.

Mr. Waterbury said he had, and handed the list over. It was as follows:

One dozen gold studs.  
Four pearl studs.  
One cat's-eye stud.  
Three pairs of sleeve buttons.  
Four cigarette cases.  
Six match boxes.  
Two rings.  
One gold watch chain.  
One gold pencil.  
One gold knife.  
One gold watch.

There were also, the witness said, some trinkets of no value.

"What did she pay you for this jewelry?" Mr. Marks asked.

"Seventy-five hundred dollars."

"What was the value of the jewelry?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

This wide difference between the actual value and the amount received for it was explained by Mr. Waterbury, saying that the jewelry was intended as part payment for the money his wife had advanced.

PROPERTY HE TRANSFERRED.

Next Mr. Marks tried to find out just how much property Mr. Waterbury had transferred to his wife in consideration for the various sums of money she had given him. The witness furnished a list, as follows:

Property in Eighteenth Ward, Brooklyn, value \$25,000.  
Farm in Jamaica \$5,000.



J. M. Waterbury in Various Poses.

At his examination in supplementary proceedings, the former president of the National Cordage Company testified that he never talked business with his wife, but that he transacted a great deal with her in the way of selling her his property. His jewels, valued, he said, at \$2,500, he sold to her for about \$7,500.

He could make one from memory. The sums ranged from \$1,000 to \$7,000 or \$8,000. "Was there not an understanding with your wife," the lawyer asked, "that you were to have your property back again?"

Mr. Waterbury actually grew red in the face and assumed an indignant air as he replied with a curt "No." In reply to further questions he said he became a member of his father's firm—L. Waterbury & Co.—when he left college in 1874. His father gave him a one-eighth share in the business, and he subsequently purchased another eighth.

"What was the value of your father's estate?"

"Oh, about \$1,000,000." This with an air indicating how trifling an estate it really was.

"How much did you receive of the estate?"

"One-fourth interest."

The next episode was exceedingly droll. Mr. Marks said: "In the deed of May 5, 1893, you conveyed property to your wife in consideration of love and affection and \$5. Did you get the \$5?"

GOT THE FIVE DOLLARS.

Mr. Waterbury's face was a study. It became more crimson than ever, yet it wore a queer smile, as if the question were really too absurd for anything. After some hesitation, he replied:

"My best impression is that I did, and everybody smiled with him."

Mr. Marks wanted to know if "love and affection" figured in other deeds, or whether Mr. Waterbury, when he transferred property to his wife, received the purchase price. The witness was very sure that he received the full amount of money, except in the case of the deed of May 5, 1893, which conveyed his Westchester house to his wife as a birthday present.

There was the suggestion of a sneer in Mr. Marks's voice when he asked:

"Who fixed the value of the property you transferred to your wife?"

Again Mr. Waterbury's face flushed and he spoke up real boldly as he said: "I fixed it myself."

Mr. Waterbury admitted that in 1888 he had conveyed some land to the Country Club Land Association, of which he was president. The consideration was \$83,000, but he had no personal interest in it. He received the title to the property, he thought, from the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and it never passed through his hands to the Country Club.

"Didn't you convey some property in Brooklyn to the Marshall Paper Company?"

Here Mr. Waterbury's memory began to fail, but he finally recollected that such a conveyance had been made, the consideration being \$175,000, all of which amount, however, he owed to Mr. Marshall, \$75,000 being part payment for a one-eighth interest in the business and \$100,000 as a loan to "tide him over." He had previously paid \$100,000 for his eighth interest.

"What was the consideration for which L. Waterbury & Co. transferred all its property in 1891 to the National Cordage Company?"

At first the witness said he could not remember, but when he was asked if the property transferred was stock, he replied:

"I believe we transferred the real estate for a consideration of \$1,500,000. None of it was stock."

Mr. Marks wanted to know what consideration Mrs. Waterbury paid for another plot of land in Brooklyn, not mentioned in Mr. Waterbury's list. The witness replied that the firm of L. Waterbury & Co. owed his wife \$50,000, and she took the land in payment.

INNOCENT OF SPECULATION.

When Mr. Marks began to question about speculations in Wall Street, the memory of the witness failed most deplorably. He could not remember ever having bought stocks on margins. He could not recollect whether he had as much as \$200,000 on deposit with Henry Allen & Co., or Boock & Co., in 1892 or 1893, for speculative purposes. He did not think he had as much as that, and it was not for buying on margins, but for the purchase of stocks outright.

When these questions were pressed Mr. Waterbury remarked: "I hardly know what you mean by speculation," which made Mr. Marks look weary. Finally Mr. Waterbury admitted that he was one of a syndicate that speculated in Wall Street.

As Mr. Marks continued to press the inquiries about speculation, Mr. Mullaly answered several times for his client, saying: "He doesn't remember."

This made Mr. Marks very angry, and he threatened to appeal to Judge Triax to compel Mr. Waterbury's lawyer to cease prompting his client. After a long siege Mr. Waterbury continued to fail to remember any stock speculations. The last question and answer were among the most interesting of the examination.

"Did you have any conversation with your wife about your losses on the stock market in 1892 and 1893?" asked Mr. Marks.

"I never talk business with my wife," was the reply.

Mr. Waterbury will go on the rack again at 10:30 a. m. on May 29.

BURGLARS TOO CAUTIOUS.

Elaborate Preparations to Rob East Side Houses Result in Small Returns.

Burglars who visited the residence of Mrs. P. Haran, No. 249 East Broadway, and the flat of Rudolph Marks, next door, early yesterday morning, carried away with them only a few trifles, but had they been enterprising they might have got much expensive silverware and jewelry.

The thieves passed through the hallway of the tenement house, No. 239 Henry street, the yard of which is separated from Mrs. Haran's rear yard by a high board fence. By means of a step ladder they reached the top of the fence and, pulling the ladder up after them, lowered it on the other side.

They cut off some lengths of clothesline found in Mrs. Haran's yard, and they tied the knob of the basement door to a shutter hinge. Climbing to the rear porch they fastened the door there in like fashion, presumably to prevent the inmates from pursuing them should they be discovered. They probably forgot that the same precautions would have made them prisoners in the house had their other avenues of escape been cut off.

They forced one of the rear parlor windows and got inside. They went to a lot of unnecessary trouble, for the next window had been broken that very day. The thieves must have been undecided as to where to begin operations. A trail of burnt matches shows that they started upstairs, and another similar trail indicated that they had gone part way to the dining room, in the basement.

On their way to the latter point they aroused the house dog, whose barking frightened them away without having awakened the family. They crawled out through the window, taking with them a cape and feather bon, and a Japanese doll belonging to Mrs. Haran's pretty daughter.

The burglars found a still longer step ladder on Mrs. Haran's porch. With this they mounted another high fence separating the yard from that of the apartment house, No. 251.

From the top of this fence they reached the fire escape in the rear of the flat of Rudolph Marks, and entered by forcing a kitchen window. They took from Mr. Marks's vest a gold watch set with a large diamond, and \$23 in cash. As rain was falling they took two silk umbrellas. A meerschaum cigar holder was in the booty. Reaching the hallway they made their way to the street without having disturbed the slumbers of anybody.

Mrs. Haran's house is one of the finest on the East Side. She is reputed to be very wealthy. Another unsuccessful attempt to rob her house was made a little over a week ago. She has ordered burglar alarms for all her doors and windows.

## YANG YU MAKES US A BRIEF CALL.

He Is Envoy of China and This Completes His Tour of Inspection.

Just Arrived from Peru, Where He Has Been Looking After His Countrymen.

HAS FIFTY ATTENDANTS WITH HIM.

After Breakfasting with the Chinese Consul He Makes Several Calls and Departs for Washington.

His Excellency, Yang Yu, Envoy of the Celestial Empire to Spain, Peru and the United States, indulged in the joys of a half holiday yesterday, and put in six busy hours in this city. Then he and his family departed for Washington.

Yu, with his family and two attaches, Y. S. Fung and S. T. Sze, arrived early yesterday morning on the Colombian line steamer Advance from Colon. Grouped on the pier were several Chinamen to receive the envoy. Hsu Nai Kwang, the Chinese Consul at this port, was among the number, and was among the first to shake the hand of Yang Yu as he walked down the gang plank.

Yu is tall and stout, and his upper lip is adorned with a mustache. He looks to be about fifty-eight years old. He has only been in this part of the world for a little more than three years, and is still wrestling with the English language. When he disembarked he said "Good morning" in English to his countrymen, and then began to talk in Chinese, leaving it to his private secretary to do the translating whenever it was necessary.

Hsu Nai Kwang had provided carriages for the party and they were driven to the office of the Consul at No. 28 West Ninth street. There, through his secretary, Yu said:

"I have been down in Peru for three weeks and found plenty of work to do. There are a great many Chinamen in that country."

Yu breakfasted with the Chinese Consul and then changed his embroidered blouse and was driven uptown in the Consul's carriage. He made a few social and political visits.

The wife of the Envoy is a pretty woman, and her traveling gown was a creditable sample of what the best gownmaker in Peking can do.

Yu's wealth is said to be fabulous and his reputation as a diplomat is of a high order. His advent in New York means that he has just completed one of his annual tours of inspection and will put in the rest of the year in Washington. He had eighteen pieces of luggage yesterday and fifty attendants.

PUBLIC LIBRARY DELAYS.

Work of Removing the Big Reservoir from the Site, and Conquering Opposition, Interferes.

It will be nearly a year before the work of laying the foundations for the New York Public Library on the site of Bryant Park Reservoir at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, will commence. Chief Engineer George W. Birdsall, of the Croton Aqueduct, said yesterday:

"At a rough guess, I should say that from \$70,000 to \$100,000 will be required for the preliminary work. The first thing to be done will be to lay the 36-inch main on Fifth avenue, from Fortieth to Forty-second street, and make the necessary connections before the reservoir can be disturbed at all. This I should say will require about four months, and the cost will be about \$12,000. The reservoir will likely be removed by contract. The contractor would probably take the material in it as part of his compensation, but it is not worth very much. I should not want to undertake to perform this work in less than six months."

Commissioner of Public Works Collis had not heard up to yesterday that a bill had passed the Legislature and had been signed by the Governor devoting the reservoir site to the use of the library. He said:

"The tearing down of the reservoir is not contemplated. I could not supply the people of New York with water without it. I have not heard of any bill for its removal."

The Board of Fire Underwriters will oppose the removal of the reservoir until more adequate means of distributing the water supply are provided.

GIVES A BACHELOR DANCE.

Mr. Henderson Entertains 300 Guests in the Old Vanderbilt Mansion.

William Hamilton Henderson, the wealthy bachelor and society man, has sumptuous apartments in the famous old Commodore Vanderbilt Mansion, No. 19 East Twenty-first street. He gave a farewell reception and dance in the old house last night previous to his departure for Europe. The house was made beautiful with palms and roses, and large American flags draped the doors and stairways.

Over 300 guests were in attendance, including members of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

Five ladies assisted Mr. Henderson in receiving. They were Lady Dunbar, Mrs. I. McMillan King, Mrs. Fountain-Walker, Mrs. J. M. Tounah and Mrs. George M. Wilde.

HER LAST REQUEST IGNORED.

Body of Colonnade Hotel Suicide Will Be Buried, Not Cremated.

In a severely plain black coffin, inclosed in a deal box, the body of Mrs. Mary D. Hill, who committed suicide at the Colonnade Hotel, and which defied identification for weeks, was shipped yesterday to her former home in Columbus, Ind.

The last wish of Mrs. Hill, that her body be cremated, will not be carried out on account of the opposition of her family. Ex-Congressman Hill, the father-in-law, who identified the body, favored carrying out the dead woman's wishes, but he was overruled. He left yesterday for his home in Indianapolis.

## HORSE-PLAY IN REALITY.

Schwover's Nag Illustrates How There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Market and Home.

I have seen many runaway horses in New York, but seldom has one created so much excitement as the beautiful bay horse owned by Jacob Schwover, of No. 133 East Sixty-third street, which ran away yesterday morning at the corner of Fourteenth street and First avenue.

Mr. Schwover had been to market, and his wagon was well filled with eggs and vegetables. He drove west on Fourteenth street at an even pace, but on reaching First avenue the horse suddenly took a quick turn toward the curbstone. Mr. Schwover at the same instant took a quick turn from his seat and landed on the pavement. Then the horse started up Fourteenth street, scattering the eggs and vegetables as he ran.

At the intersection of Avenue B he disputed the right of way with a horse car. The car would not budge, but the passengers did. They made for points of safety on the sidewalk with considerable haste, and reached there without affecting their accident insurance policies, excepting Charles Harkne, of No. 506 East Thirtieth street.

He paused for a moment on the roadway, and the galloping horse aided him to reach the sidewalk more rapidly.

Every one in a safe position volunteered advice as to how the horse should be stopped. Then a man who had not spoken ran out and grasped the maddened animal by the bridle and brought it to a standstill.

Some one turned in a call for ambulances, and they, clattering down the street, added to the excitement. The surgeons examined the two injured men and sent them to their respective homes. The scattered eggs could not be recovered.

SEEKING DIVORCE AT SIXTY.

Mrs. Hauser Charges Her Husband with Cruelty After 25 Years.

Mrs. Margaret Hauser, of No. 108 Central Park West, has begun proceedings for divorce from her husband, Andrew Hauser, after having lived with him for twenty-five years. They each are nearly sixty years old.

Mrs. Hauser charges her husband with cruelty. Mr. Hauser denies the charge. Mrs. Hauser is said to be wealthy in her own right. The case will be heard to-day.

## EMPEROR WILLIAM'S FAIR FRIEND IS COMING.

She Is Madame Parlaghi, the Painter, Fresh from European Triumphs.

Expected to Arrive To-day on the Fuerst Bismarck, on a Short Visit.

ROYALTY ARE HER CHAMPIONS.

Among the Young Woman's Achievements in Art Are the Portraits of Field Marshal Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck.

Mme. Vilma Parlaghi, the renowned Hungarian painter, will arrive here to-day on the steamship Fuerst Bismarck for a stay of six weeks in the United States. She is about thirty years old, small, has a handsome figure, beaming eyes, full lips and a profusion of hair. She has much magnetism, and conveys the impression of being a woman of determined character.

While much diversity of opinion prevails in Europe with regard to her merits, there is no question of the favor she enjoys at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. She first won the good will of royalty by teaching drawing and painting to the accomplished young Princess who is now being crowned as Empress of Russia, while the celebrity she enjoys is attributable to the enthusiasm with which the young Emperor of Germany championed her cause against all the leading artists of the nation over which he rules.

Mme. Parlaghi painted a portrait of Field Marshal von Moltke four years ago, and sent it to an art exhibition which had just been organized at Berlin. The jury, composed of eminent painters and sculptors in Germany, unanimously decided against the admission of the picture, but the Emperor purchased it, declared it to be the best portrait of Von Moltke ever painted, and ordered that it should be hung not in one of the galleries, but in the Grand Hall of Honor of the exhibition.

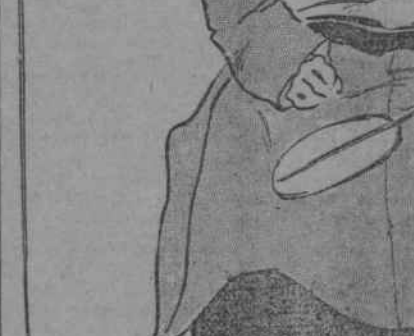
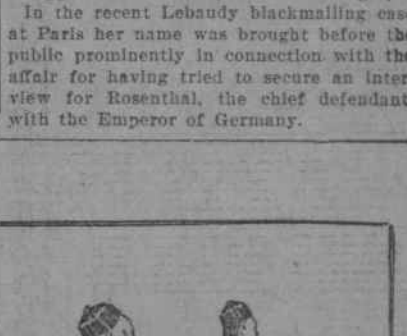
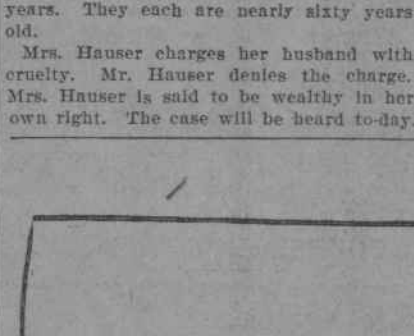
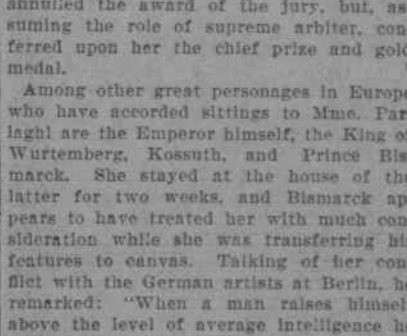
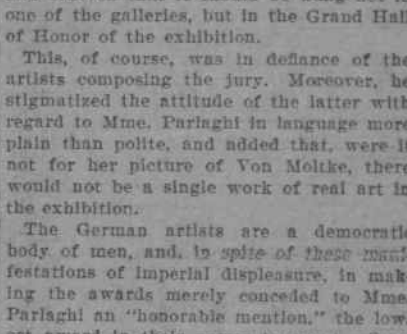
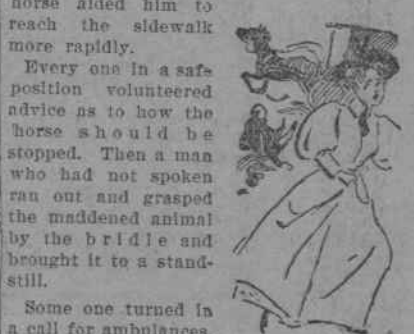
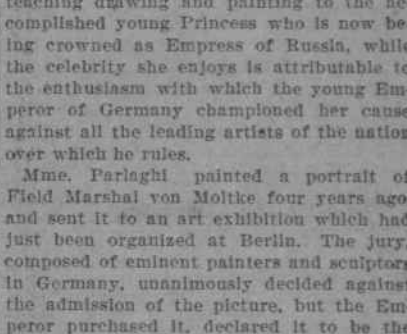
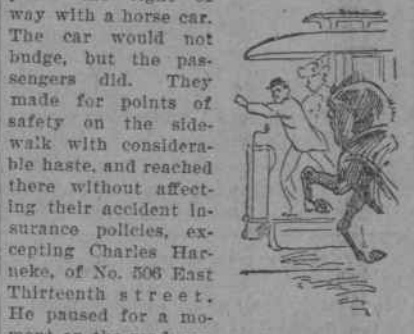
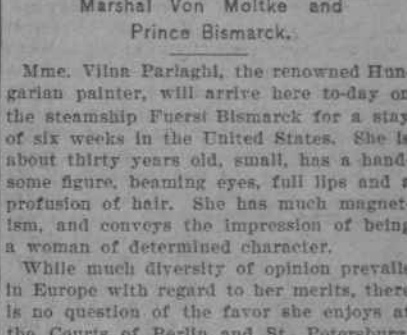
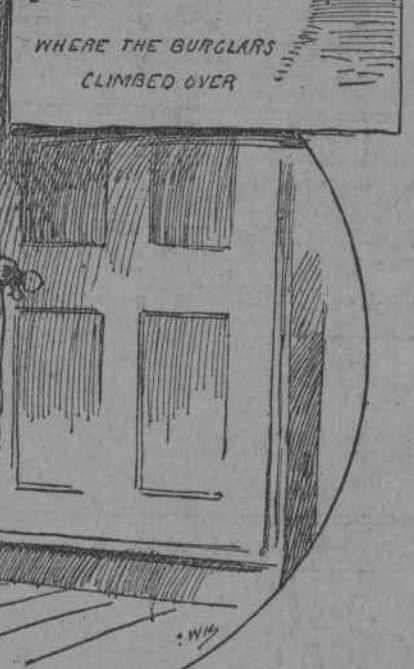
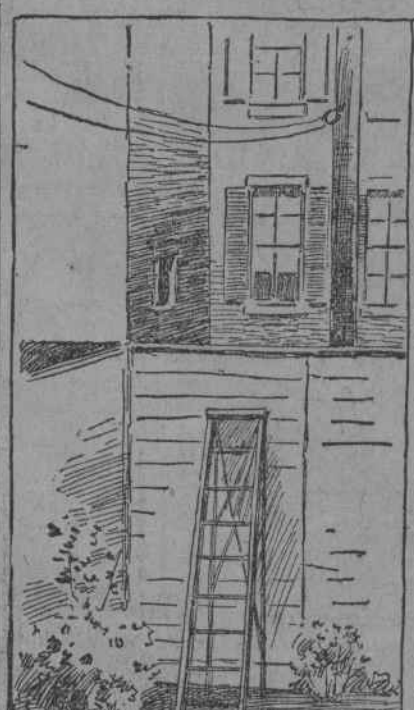
This, of course, was in defiance of the artists composing the jury. Moreover, he stigmatized the attitude of the latter with regard to Mme. Parlaghi in language more plain than polite, and added that, were it not for her picture of Von Moltke, there would not be a single work of real art in the exhibition.

The German artists are a democratic body of men, and, in spite of their manifestations of imperial displeasure, in making the awards merely conceded to Mme. Parlaghi an "honorable mention," the lowest award in their power to grant. Once more the Emperor intervened, and not only annulled the award of the jury, but, assuming the role of supreme arbiter, conferred upon her the chief prize and gold medal.

Among other great personages in Europe who have accorded sittings to Mme. Parlaghi are the Emperor himself, the King of Wurtemberg, Kossuth, and Prince Bismarck. She stayed at the house of the latter for two weeks, and Bismarck appears to have treated her with much consideration while she was transferring his features to canvas. Talking of her conflict with the German artists at Berlin, he remarked: "When a man raises himself above the level of average intelligence he excites envy, but when a woman has to struggle with men they treat her roughly."

In the recent Lebaday blackmailing case at Paris her name was brought before the public prominently in connection with the affair for having tried to secure an interview for Rosenthal, the chief defendant, with the Emperor of Germany.

Property on Fresh Pond Road, in Montross, \$400.  
Rivewood farm, Dix Hills, Staten Island, \$500.  
No. 20 Grand street, Brooklyn, \$1,250.  
Plot between Westchester and Flushing, \$500.  
No. 906 Bergen street, Brooklyn, \$375.  
Three houses and lots in Philadelphia subject to mortgage of \$7,000 and equity, \$125.  
Farm in Monroe County, N. Y., \$125.  
Fresh Pond property, \$250.  
Washington, D. C. property, \$2,250.  
Mr. Waterbury explained that all this property had come from his father's estate, in which he had one-fourth interest. The values given in the list represented only that one-fourth interest. Mr. Marks then questioned the witness closely as to the various sums of money his wife had loaned him in consideration of his having transferred his property to her. He had kept no list of the loans, but he thought



## Scene of East Side Burglars' Enterprise.

They climbed high fences, tied the rear door of Mrs. Haran's house, No. 249 East Broadway, forced a parlor window, and were frightened away by a dog, after getting little plunder. They climbed more fences and entered Joseph Marks's flat, No. 257 East Broadway, where they got some money, a watch and some umbrellas.